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*By* LOTTIE SCHOOLCRAFT FELTER

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*By* LOTTIE SCHOOLCRAFT FELTER

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DEDICATED TO MY DAUGHTER

NELDA

WHO HAS HELPED TO MAKE

*“Life worth living  
And Love worth giving.”*



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## Don't Wait.

Don't wait until your head be garlanded  
 With hoariness—your steps infirm have grown,  
 And then alas! awaken to the truth  
 That life's great opportunities have flown.

Don't wait until the coffin's lid has closed  
 Upon the childish, dear, angelic brow,  
 Ere you caress, press closely to your heart  
 And utter loving words; perform it now.

Don't wait until the multitudes admire,  
 And unassumingly with pride proclaim  
 The brilliant genius of some fellow man  
 Acknowledge him and help create his fame.

Don't wait until the autumn leaves have left  
 The tree forlorn to wither on the gound,  
 And then appreciate the hours of rest  
 Which peacefully within its shade you found.

Don't wait until your brother sinks in shame  
 Past all redemption, wallowing in sin;  
 Keep him from falling, words of friendship speak,  
 Approach him while there's manhood yet within.

Don't wait until your best activities  
 Are spent, and disappointments come apace,  
 Then but to fling the remanant of your days  
 Disgracefully into your Maker's face.

## A Dream Picture.

It was early haying time, when the clover smelled  
so sweet;  
And the blossoms made it seem that heaven was down  
about our feet;  
And the green around about us made our hearts  
within us glad;  
As we drove the lazy cows to pasture, Oh, what fun  
we had!

Then the birdies yearly held, 'Old Settlers' meetings  
in the trees,  
And the leaves and branches echoed forth their  
merry jubilees,  
Till the woods were all alive; and they seemed  
merrier that we,  
An audience, so harmlessly enjoyed their company.

Then the bitter windfalls, dropping prematurely  
from the bough,  
Tasted sweeter to our palate, than the choicest  
Pippin now.  
And the branch of oak or hickory, on which we sat  
astride,  
Was a richly cushioned carriage, in which we as  
kings did ride,

In fancy, through the tree tops, o'er all nature  
holding sway,

Just as some would rule the hearts they come in  
contact with today.

Those kaleidoscopic peepshows, glass, with flowers  
in between,

Were fairer to our vision than the finest painted  
scene.

Our sleep beneath the rafters, in the happy days of  
old,

Was sweet, while glints of morning sunshine amber,  
red and gold,

Stole through the time stained shingles, in gleames  
about our beds,

While plans of youthful greatness flitted through our  
youthful heads.

Juvenile imagination, spread her charm upon the  
whole;

Made the bitter fruit taste sweeter, stirred emotions  
in the soul.

Realization drowns the fancy, else we might live on  
always

Hoping, dreaming, blowing bubbles, as we did in  
childhood days.

## Dot Babe of Mine.

And when dot babe he smiles so sweet,  
And dimples so from head to feet,  
And laughs clear down into his thumbs  
Den vat you tink? Mine frau she comes  
And says "Hans, only come and see  
How much dot babe resembles me.  
The darling, darling little elf!  
He's the very image of myself!"

But ven dot babe he seems possessed,  
And howls and howls his level best,  
And colors like a wienerwurst;  
And frightens us—we're sure he'll burst—  
And screams and paws the air like mad;  
And throws himself (Oh he's so bad!)  
Then frau she says, "Look quick, Hans, do,  
How much dot babe resembles you!"

## The Abandoned Camp.

You wish to view the last remains of a mortality?  
To yonder lone deserted camp then please accom-  
pany me.

Prospectors swore, by heaven, they'd struck an ever-  
lasting vein—

A living fount that would endure as long as stars  
remain.

But now the lights have disappeared and all is  
desolate

And dark, where once the children sang and danced,  
with merry prate,

Around the blazing hearthstone fire whose lights and  
shadows played

Upon the wall so fairy like, wild shouts and laughter  
made

The evening air at sunset ring with youthful life,  
which then

Annoyed us so we sought to hush. O for those  
shouts again,

To wake to life this sepulchre! O, for the dizzy din,  
The urchins' cry, the bark of dogs, to breathe new  
life within!

Could we have seen, as Calvin claims, his maker only  
     can,  
 The end from the beginning, (but that's forbidden  
     man)  
 We might thereby have spared ourselves much  
     trouble and expense,  
 By hiding not within the ground our talents, pounds  
     and pence.

Those empty, cheerless windows, like hollow sad-  
     dened eyes,  
 Which gleam at us reproachfully, but seem to em-  
     phasize  
 The adage old but true, "There's much in life is spent  
     for naught."  
 Experience is often at a double premium bought.  
 Once let a golden fever rage—there's no immunity—  
 The whole creation's out to catch this opportunity.

And, judging from the prospect holes spread here  
     and there around,  
 As though a gopher colony had homesteaded the  
     ground,  
 'Twould seem that no one loses aim, like he who's  
     hunting ore,  
 The oftener he loses only crazes him the more.

But then, to take another view, though it's a game of  
chance,

Some one must do the guessing, in order to advance;  
For richest veins lie buried deep, and he who finds  
must seek

For wealth of Anaconda, Creed, Miaz or Cripple  
Creek.

Those empty stores, which glittered once, stand  
mockingly and grin;

Pulsation gone, their lives ebbed out, and windows  
battered in.

Pray where's the elf that can desist from slinging  
missles through

A ghoulish, unused window pane? It's natural as for  
you,

When a grassy, velvet, lawn spreads out before you  
as you pass,

With flowers so sweet and fragrant, and a sign,  
"Keep off the Grass,"

To itch and ache desparingly, to just get down and  
roll

And sprawl and toss and tumble there regardless of  
the toll.

The consternation and dismay (of course 'twas laid  
to luck)

Which seized that crew, when it was learned the  
bottom had been struck!

A few had felt forebodings queer of a financial crash,  
And had gathered up their personals and turned  
them into cash;

For the horseshoe would come tumbling from its  
place above the door;  
The sky appeared blood red at night with many  
omens more;  
But the many had invested every dollar they were  
worth;  
Their hopes, their aims and incomes now lie buried  
in the earth.

And the beaten path extending from the shafting to  
the town,  
O'er which the men with dinner pails at night came  
hurrying down,  
Looks lonely and forsaken and the grass begins to  
creep,  
Concealing half the footpath ('tis enough to make  
one weep.)

Twice scared seemed the tie which bound this hardy  
mining crew;  
They shad each others pleasures, crude and sorrows  
not a few.  
In sickness or misfortune dire each brother lent a  
hand;  
But now they're scattered far and wide all o'er this  
western land.



The gloom of death falls over me; the scene is  
hopeless quiet;

I'll wander back to living lands and drive it from  
my sight.

And bequeath the worthless title to, perhaps the  
rightful heirs;

The wolves and mountain lions may reclaim it now  
as theirs.

## Worth While.

To have a friend whose heart is true,  
Who thoroughly believes in you,  
Though seldom outward word be spoken,  
(Silence is oft' a friendly token)  
    Makes life worth living  
    And love worth giving.

To know a spirit touches mine,  
To feel soft baby arms entwine  
About my neck, with head close pressed  
In trustfulness against my breast,  
    Makes life worth living  
    And love worth giving.

But to have felt love's thrilling dart,  
When wooed and won by other heart,  
—Though intervening years there be—  
Surely the blissful memory  
    Makes life worth living  
    And love worth giving.

•

## Our Level.

We stand on the threshold of fame  
 With the latch almost raised in our fingers,  
 (Ah that fatal almost! we exclaim)  
 But fear irresistibly lingers  
 And points out a happier way.  
 One moment we hesitate whether  
 To refuse or accept, then away  
 We and failure saunter together.

Great fortunes lie just within touch,  
 And urge with their cry "Now or Never!"  
 But doubt draws us back in its clutch,  
 And fortune has vanished forever.  
 And were they so near when withdrawn  
 These objects of sumptuous plunder?  
 Would not the same doubt later on,  
 Have caused us to waver we wonder?

Though 'tis hard to acknowledge 'tis so,  
 Perhaps we are filling, the places  
 Not many gradations below  
 The one our efficiency graces;  
 Or firmly our wills would protest  
 Till we severed these bonds that chagrin us;  
 'Tis by doing we surely attest  
 There is greatness of spirit within us.

## Rushing Along.

Out from our babyhood's playthings and toys—  
 Light little sorrows and light little joys—  
 Sorrows that cause us one moment to weep,  
 Next, but forgotten in babyland sleep;  
 Joys that soon pass in the life just begun,  
 Cooings and kisses and frolics and fun.  
 Thus we pass out from our babyhood days,  
 Into our girlhood's more serious ways.

Troubles that seem later on only slight,  
 Gloomy appear as the shadows of night.  
 Sights from some schoolfellow thoughtless and vain,  
 It seems that we'd never forgive him again;  
 Aches that impatience says never will end  
 Broken affections that never will mend;  
 Yes, but they do very shortly; and soon  
 All is as clear as the sunshine at noon.  
 Troubles and slights in a day have all vanished  
 Aches are forgotten and jealousies banished.  
 Joy rushes in, and what equals the joy  
 Of youth bubbling over in girl or in boy?  
 Catching the bird's sweetest music of heaven,  
 Rambling in meadows from morning till even.  
 Later along and a new kind of pleasure  
 Fills us and thrills us, Oh joy beyond measure!  
 Waiting in hopefulness now for a lover,  
 Heaven lies wrapped in a four leafed clover;

Moonlight and stars whisper tales in the ear  
 Only for me and one other to hear.  
 Coals in the grate tell a wonderful tale  
 Of castles and fortunes that never shall fail.  
 Thus we emerge from our sweet vision days  
 Into our womanhood's practical ways.

Day dreams are realized, visions fulfilled,  
 Not airy castles but homes now to build.  
 Friendships so firm that nothing can sever;  
 Hatreds so bitter they rankle forever,  
 Leaving their impress, life's beauty to mar  
 In wounds that forever must leave a deep scar.  
 Patience eternal now helps us endure  
 Illness of spirit no doctor can cure.  
 Fancies have flown from the red coals of fire,  
 Now it is only the cheer we admire.  
 Moonlight and stars are effects of a cause  
 Found in astronomy's natural laws;  
 Not in possession of lover or king,  
 Fairy, hobgoblin or that sort of thing.  
 Love in reality reigneth supreme  
 Only so different from that of our dream.  
 Duties not numbered on earth are begun—  
 Stop to look back and old age rushes on.  
 Out from our womanhood's practical ways  
 Into old age with its fast fleeting days.

Living again over what we have been,  
 Happiness woven in stretches between;  
 Memory friends oft' revisit again,  
 The new only seek our acquaintance in vain.  
 Happy the one who can sweetly recall

Memories of peace and good will towards all.  
Doing the odds and the ends here and there  
Lightening for others their burdens of care;  
Willing if need be to lay this life down,  
Looking ahead to a heaven and crown.  
Thus we pass out; our existence is o'er,  
Save by a few, we're remembered no more.  
Our places are filled by the mad, anxious throng  
Hurrying, scurrying, rushing along .

## Our Uncle Ike.

Our uncle Ike's the funniest fellow,  
 His beard's a sort of yellow-dog yellow;  
 The hairs are thin and strewed about,  
 He says "The soil underneath's worn out;  
 I'll fertilize it some of these days  
 And then what a roarin' crop I'll raise!  
 Laws-a-days!  
 What a crop Ill raise!"

He sets out on our porch and jokes,  
 And holds us on his lap and smokes.  
 His head is bald as a turtle's back  
 And his eyes seem peering through a crack.  
 The one eye's blue and tother'n's gray  
 "The Lord didn't make 'm that there way"  
 He'd say. "Some day  
 I'll tell you why that un's gray."

"One night while settin' here" he said  
 "The mosquitoes settled on my head—  
 A swarm of them began to skate  
 And sasha round on this bald pate.  
 'How fortunate!' they cried 'Just think!  
 We've found a glorious skating rink.  
 I Jink!  
 What a skating rink!'"

'Twas fun to see these insects race,  
 Didn't they go a merry pace?

My lids and eyeballs fairly clattered  
 And my four old stubby teeth they chattered.  
 It might be worse, I said—Gee Whizz!  
 Let youngsters have what fun there is.

Gee Whizz!

Give 'em all there is!

At last one dainty little thing  
 Caught her toe in a raveling  
 And fell—it almost broke a rafter  
 When all the Jills came tumbling after.  
 The outcome was a broken wing  
 All on account of that raveling.

Poor thing!

With the broken wing!

You don't believe a word I've said?  
 Just feel this dent on my bald head.

Now girls I warn you, every one,  
 Don't let yer mending go undone.  
 A girl once fell through a hole in her stocking  
 And never's been heard of since. How shocking!

Oh that stocking!

'n that girl! How shocking!

Always reck'n yer blessings first  
 And then be thankful for the worst,"  
 He'd say: at dinner once he found  
 A lettuce worm meandering round  
 And said "Thank God! Ameriky  
 's the place where extrys come in free!

Ameriky!

The land of the free!"



"D'ye see that star up in the sky  
 With all her young uns standing by  
     A bawlin' for a slice of cheese,  
     Cut off'n the yellow moon? Once these  
 Were rings whirled off'n the sides of their  
     mother  
 —Say, you're jest rings twirled off'n another  
     'n that other  
         's yer own good mother..

"Uncle Ike, where's your little rings?" Tot  
     cried;  
 "Up here in my brain," he said and sighed,  
     While a tear stole softly down his cheek.  
     They say, that regular, every week,  
 He walks to the cemetery alone  
 And sits by a grave with a marble stone,  
     All gray and mildewed—he scarce can see  
     To read the name thereon—"Marie"  
     Only "Marie"  
         Of sweetheart memory.

## In the Royal Gorge.

(A Symphony)

The stream comes rushing down the gorge;  
 The eddies trickle, bubble, boil,  
 Then tumble headlong o'er the rocks  
 With anxious speed, in mad turmoil.  
 The din appears like myriads  
 Of notes chaotic, loud they roll;  
 Stand still O moon in Ajelon!  
 It blends to one harmonious whole.

Above the roar, a soothing sound  
 I hear—so musical, so deep,  
 As 'twere some mother's hushaby,  
 Lulling her infant babe to sleep.  
 Ah! this the sound, which long ago  
 The voice of One was likened to!  
 Pathetic, awful, grand, sublime!  
 So animated, yet so true!

My thoughts glide on in unison,  
 But love and harmony are here;  
 Impelled by some commanding power,  
 The baser feelings disappear.  
 Majestic trees stand on the brink;  
 With branches nodding low, they seem  
 As though about to take a drink;  
 The air comes floating down the stream.

Then leaves and branches catch the breeze,  
 Clasped in each other's arms, they fain  
 Would sing and love their lives away  
 In concord with the river's strain.  
 United thus the chorus swells;  
 They chant their anthem loud and long—  
 A unity of waves and trills  
 And cadences, a happy throng.

A little farther down the stream,  
 A bridge, the rushing waters span—  
 Surely exempt from nature's laws  
 —Vulgar, made by the hand of man.  
 And as it in suspension swings,  
 With impulse but to creak and groan,  
 A vigor, irresistible,  
 Lays hold and modulates it's tone.

O'er-powered, obedient it sways,  
 Meek and submissive as a child,  
 It's discords quelled, with nature it  
 Vibrates in modulations mild. ,  
 With increased strength they sweep along,  
 And, like the whirlwind in its course,  
 They grasp by suction all things near,  
 Augmenting ever thus their force.

'Tis one harmonious union this  
 A thousand voices that agree  
 Ten thousand harpstrings play at once,  
 Making a heavenly symphony.

## The Perfect Prayer.

"Our Father who in heaven art,"  
In pure and sweet simplicity,  
Was lisped by infant innocence  
While kneeling at a mother's knee.

And "Hallowed be Thy Holy name,"  
And then she slept well satisfied.  
No doubt is there within that heart  
Whose childlike faith has ne'er been tried.

The years roll rapidly along;  
This child has entered maidenhood;  
And, as she listens to the cry  
Of one from o'er the sea who would

The heaven save, her heart is stirred:  
She cries "Forgive this careless one  
Her selfishness within the past;  
Thy kingdom come through Thy dear Son!"

And later on with that home  
The lights gleam forth and brightly burn,  
As this fair maiden plights her vows  
To one who offers in return

A manly love, a noble heart,  
 Two years roll on of happiness  
 That only wedded love can know—  
 In love all else must acquiesce.

Ah then! 'tis evening once again.  
 Hush! low and solemn is the tread.  
 The tapers in that home burn low,  
 And watchers sit beside the bed.

In agony the wife stands o'er  
 And wipes the death-damp from his brow.  
 His soul is passing—all is o'er—  
 Say, where, Oh where, is comfort now?

Day after day this widowed heart  
 Struggles for grace—poor sorrowing one!  
 Night after night she kneels in prayer  
 Ere she can say "Thy will be done."

Of strong support thus soon bereft,  
 Out in the world with weary tread  
 She goes; and earnestly she prays  
 "Give us this day our daily bread."

Seeking for virtue to destroy,  
 Lewd fiendish eyes they ever glare.  
 "Into temptation lead us not"  
 Trusting she breathes her evening prayer.

And then she sleeps an angels sleep;  
No harm can come to one who trusts  
Her soul and life into His hands;  
She's saved from sin, its snares, its lusts.

Old age comes creeping on apace,  
The thread of life is nearly spun;  
She's only waiting for the crown  
Of life when this her life work's done.

Sweetly she lays her armor down,  
Her eyelids close and all is o'er.  
"Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power,  
In heaven and earth forever more."

NOTE—Written after hearing a sermon by Evangelist  
Northcutt.

## Phosphorescence.

Some lives are little more or less  
Than phosphorescence on decay  
Which, even from its funeral pile,  
Emits a ghastly light the while  
That lures its victim to excess,  
Until he soon succumbs a prey  
To poison from this foul decay.

## Mind Yo' Mammy.

Titus, stand back

Off'n dat track!

Dat heavy freight

'll operate

On yo' insides fo' appendicitis,

If you don't mind yo' mammy, Titus.

Jest seen dat smoke; it's most nigh heah;

Yo' mouf's so wide dat engineeah

'll take it fo' de roundhouse doah,

And smash right in pelmel, fo' shoah.

When it gits in,

Ah reck'n yo'll grin

Wider'n you hoped;

You'll be telescoped,

Out o' yo' skin

Clean to yo' chin.

Same day'll come out

Specials about

Dat dreadful railroad accident.

And when de claim adjuster's sent

And all de passengers come to,

And ask fo' damages, then yo'

Jest won't be theyah

To get yo' shaah.

Honey, stand back

Off'n dat track!



## The Cry of the Poor.

Weary are we  
 Of life's penury;  
 Weary of toiling mid sunshine and heat,  
 Scanty the recompense, scanty our meat;  
 In this land of the free,  
 Of proud liberty,  
 May the children of plenty in luxury roll  
 While the children of toil hunger body and soul?

Weary we are  
 Of uncertainty,  
 Hoping, yet knowing not whether tomorrow  
 Brings limited plenty or hunger and sorrow.  
 We live and grope on  
 Toil and hope on  
 For surely a provident loving Creator  
 Will divide each his portion, sooner or later.

How to endure?

Where is the cure

That will strike to the root of this national cancer?

Where the philosopher wise that can answer?

Who then can quiet

The bloodshed and riot

Of men crazed with hunger defying the rule?

These are some of the questions not studied in school.

## The Season.

Now Chloe, I said  
Don't go and wed  
That trifling Schmidt who sits there sunning  
Against the wall, or I'll go gunning.  
Next day a note  
Arrived, which made my senses float.  
Here's what she wrote:

"Dear Pa: I'm married;  
Don't you be worried;  
I never thought of marrying Schmidt  
Till you yourself suggested it.  
Well, it is done;  
The hunting season's just begun,  
So get your gun."

## A Pathway.

Come stroll down the pathway with me as of old  
On a morning in June and its raptures behold.  
The prairie chick cooes his ker-thud-oo-oo-oo!  
Like no other sound mortal man ever knew;  
A mixture so strange both the sad and the gay  
Floating out on the air, near, then far far away.  
A pheasant scared up from her nest in the grass  
Goes whirring away out of sight as I pass.

The air is refreshing, the dewdrops they glisten,  
So quiet it is that I'm sure if you'll listen,  
You'll find that the dewdrops and grasses are talking  
Or hear the light steps of the brownies out walking.  
Oh the smell of the bees and the grass and the flowers!  
And the light, did I say? chasing off the dark hours?  
There's a well—nothing more than a hole in the  
ground  
With a barrel to keep it from sprawling around—

But over the edge of the well I can see  
The happiest eyes fairly sparkling at me;  
A hat with a third of the rim, perhaps more,  
Haggled off; and a face I've seen somewhere before.  
There's a background of daintiest, delicate blue—  
Can it be that the well extends clear down through  
The dark earth to the sunshine again? There he goes!  
Mister frog with a splashy-ty-splash by my nose

With his carcass right into the well—but no matter—  
They say that a frog only purifies water,  
Devouring the wigglers, the fishworms, and flies.  
Oh it's fun to sit watching the air bubbles rise!  
Yes I might chatter heedlessly on in this way,  
What's the use? You cannot understand what I say.  
That was long years ago but I cannot refrain  
From telling it over and over again.

## I Wish I'd Gone to Bed.

Once our big girls had company,  
Come in and bring their m'broidery work,  
And stay. like farm folks do, for tea;  
And it just up and poured till dark,  
'Zif the sky'd broke loose.  
'Twas a good excuse;  
So they stayed all night  
And said I might  
Set up a while, an hour or two.  
And of all the foolery they went through.  
Their goblin stories made a chill  
Crawl up my back;  
And the stars look black;  
And my eyes to swim;  
And the lights grow dim.  
They simpered and whispered and then kept still,  
Till I could hear,  
The ghosts right near,  
With patter of hoof,  
Up on our roof.  
Then how I wished, and wished, instead  
Of settin' up I'd gone to bed.

And one big girl, Moll Perkins, she  
     Went on to tell, how one dark night,  
 As she went by the cemetery,  
     A scary thing, all dressed in white,  
         Was walkin' about  
         With arms stretched out  
             Among the stones  
                 A utterin' groans.  
 And then it made a dive at her,  
 And she lit out for home, yes sir,  
     Pell mell! and reached there scared to death,  
     And fainted dead  
     Away, she said  
         In some one's arm;  
         And they had to warm  
 Some flat ir'ns to fetch back her breath.  
     And then my hair  
     Stood up with scare,  
         For I could see  
         That thing grab me.  
 Then how I wished, and wished, instead  
 Of settin' up I'd gone to bed.

One said (she hoped to die right there  
     If it want true) that while a sittin'  
 One evenin' in the rockin' chair,  
     Close by the window, busy knittin',  
     A bird came "Tat!  
     Rat—tat! Rat—tat!"  
         Three times again  
         The window pane;

And that very minit (I know she lied)  
Her grandma in New Jersey died;  
And that was a sort of warning sent.  
And she just thought,  
'At that was what  
The po'm meant  
'Bout the pigeon sent,  
And the lost Lenore  
And never more—  
Though I couldn't tell what on earth she meant.  
And I felt so queer,  
For I could hear  
That bird again  
At the window pane,  
A peckin' so bold.  
And I couldn't have told  
Myself from you,  
Or black from blue.  
Then how I wished, and wished, instead  
Of settin' up I'd gone to bed.



## Cure the Blues.

Take advice and cure the blues, do,  
Or they'll shamefully abuse you.

Go out boating on the river.  
Look the action of the liver.

Court a little if it pleases,  
Cure's not worse than the disease is.

Seize your knitting or crocheting,  
Count the stitches over saying,

One—two—three—sure apathetic,  
Sleep in nature's anaesthetic

Visit some one ten times sicker  
Than you are—read of Wakefield's Vicar,

Poor old Vicar! O so sad O!  
Your calamity's only a shadow.

Read Napoleon's fatal muster,  
Dreadful fate of General Custer,

Till your blood it curdles, thickens,  
That may fail? Then go with Dickens'

Little Nell out walking, straying,  
In green fields like lambkins playing.

Muse on bliss of heaven above;  
Next thing to it fall in love;

Venus' rapturous idea  
May be just your panacea.

One of these may fail to cure you,  
Try another one it's sure to.

Take advice and cure the blues, do,  
Or they'll shamefully abuse you.

## If I Had Known.

If I had known

She came to school without her morning meal,

That it was hunger's pain she would conceal,

I would have shown

More kindness by

Dividing—yes by giving all my meat—

That she might have enough for once to eat

To satisfy.

If I had known

That when we played off by ourselves apart,

The slight had sent a shiver to her heart,

I would have gone

To her and said

“Do come we need just one to make the game.”

Then how she would have smiled with cheeks aflame.

But now she's dead.

If I had known  
She was an orphan girl; and that her tears  
And sad faced looks belonged to older years,  
I would have thrown  
My arms around  
Her neck, and, in a kind and loving way,  
Have said those tender things that mothers say  
To ease her wound.

## Her Dilemma.

You've heard me mention Uncle Tim  
Who married my aunt Lovine,  
He'd mourned three previous partners  
So she stood fourth in line;  
But he urged her when she came to die  
To drop her old maid's whim  
Of being laid by an old sweetheart  
And rest wife like by him.

So she gave in and was interred  
By him as number four,  
And her dilemma puzzles me  
As I ponder it o'er and o'er;  
For when the final trump shall blow,  
What scrambling there will be,  
As each presents her warranty deed  
At heaven's chancery.

If the last on earth shall then be first,  
I reckon that aunt Lovine  
Will find some bit of comfort then  
In ranking first in line.  
But I dislike family skirmishes  
And wish in my soul that she  
For the sake of peace were buried in  
Some other cemetery.

## Content.

Give me content enough  
 But just enough to ease the strife,  
 The rasping useless fretfulness  
 And smooth the corners rough.  
 Enough to fairly estimate,  
 That on the average, this life  
 Is kind, and sends us less  
 To severely vex and irritate,  
 And more to benefit  
 Than many will admit.

But who would care  
 To crave that idolent content,  
 Which idly drifts him down the stream  
 With arms akimbo floating o'er  
 In ease and asking nothing more,  
 Like drift wood landing where 'tis sent,  
 With not a care—  
 Existence but a hazy dream.  
 Yes better far is restlessness,  
 A sprinkling of that discontent  
 Which scorns to be well satisfied  
 With just what falls within the hands  
 Or drops upon the lap;  
 But makes more strenuous demands  
 And ventures into ways untried.  
 It bravely dares mishap  
 And faces grim discouragements;  
 'Tis only thus that worlds progress.

And he who opens up a path  
Diverging from the beaten track  
O'er which the multitude has trod—  
A better way—'tis he that hath  
Improved conditions brought men back  
To nature and to nature's God.



## His Request.

De docto's held a consultation  
And Ah'm to have an operation  
Yo' eyes is gettin' drippin' wet—  
Lize 'taint time fo' weepin' yet.  
Ah've been a Christian all my life,  
Now promise me fo' ce'tain, wife,  
You'll have me opened up with pray'ah.  
An' have'm operate with ca'ah;  
Faith without works is like de brass  
Of chandeliers wivout de gas.

An' if de docto's search me through  
An' don't find what dey 'spected to,  
Like postmen do, you have'm take  
A label—"Opened By Mistake"—  
An' paste it on whe'eh all can see,  
Dat's what Ah call Christ yanity.  
Dis foolin' people haint quite right  
Aspecially in bwoad daylight.  
Dese wisdom docto's Ah'd steer shy of;  
Ah like to know what Ah'm to die of.

An' if Ah don't pull through, then honey,  
You take my life insu'ance money  
An' blow in every cent of it  
On feathers' an' fine clothes what fit—  
Red o' whatever's handsomest—  
What suits yo' chocolate face de best.  
You've skimped along all yo' bawn life;  
An' yo've been a mighty faithful wife.  
Ah'm wuth a heap mo' dead (in money)  
Than evah Ah was livin', honey.

Lize yo' teahs is spillin' down,  
On to yo' Sunday meetin' gown.  
If you don't stop, it won't be fit  
To wa'ah to ch'uch, yo' spilin' it.

## Imogene.

She's a common looking girl,  
 Hair a fady tan and brown,  
 Bristly straight, without a curl,  
 Freckled face and eyes cast down—  
 Always looking down at earth  
 She was hapless from her birth.

Imogene,  
 Some ill-fated star is seen  
 Hovering o'er you, Imogene.

When she went to public school,  
 Everything abject and mean,  
 Thieving, lying, breaking rule,  
 All were laid on Imogene.  
 She sought comfort in her books,  
 To evade their scornful looks.

Imogene,  
 Though your sould be white and clean,  
 You're suspicioned Imogene.

Each might bring—by strict permission—  
 A baby brother or a sister;  
 It was mid-day intermission;  
 One wee toddler they had missed her.  
 Look, out there upon the street  
 Underneath the horses feet!

Imogene,  
 None but you dare stand between  
 Death and baby, Imogene.

Baby's safe, but where is she?

    Hoverning 'twixt life and death,  
Bruised and bleeding frightfully.

    Children scream and hold their breath;  
Those who hated her are seen,  
Crying over Imogene.

        Imogene,  
What kind angel stepped between  
You and death, O, Imogene?

She had flowers as she lay,

    Such as she had never seen;  
Comforts, smiles, and love that they

    Showered on helpless Imogene.  
When she went to school again  
She had friends in plenty then.

        Imogene,  
You are treated like a queen;  
Happy, happy, Imogene!

## At the Mourner's Bench.

Dear Lord forgive,  
 It was a woeful sin I know  
     —Almost a crime—  
 And yet I scarce could feel it so.

We sorrowing knelt  
 Around the mourner's bench each night,  
     Troubled at heart,  
 Pleading forgiveness, seeking light.

A penitent  
 So near to me knelt Constantine  
     That I could feel  
 His heart beat in response to mine.

I could not see  
 My sins; I could not lisp one word  
     Of anxious prayer,  
 Nor beg forgiveness of the Lord.

I only heard  
 Love's music far away—caught gleams  
     Of visions sweet  
 Composite of my happiest dreams,  
     Dear Lord forgive.

## Which One Shall it be?

Marks one, two, and three  
Which one shall it be?  
In choosing be sure to choose well,  
You're playing for keeps sister Nell;  
This one of the three?  
This then it shall be.

You seem to look down  
With a woe-begone frown  
As though disappointed and vexed.  
Not this one you wished but the next?  
This one it must be,  
This one of the three.

There's many a one  
Similarly has done,  
Has hopelessly settled her fate  
Then espied the mistake when too late;  
So sadly mistaken  
Some lout has been taken,

For worse, not for better,  
And galls like a fetter

When a gem standing next could be had  
For the choosing—too bad! yes too bad!

But the draw has been made  
The price must be paid.

## Power.

And O, whene'er I think,  
How frail the thread which binds that future life  
    with this,  
How thin the film between us and death's dark abyss,  
    'Twould make me start and shrink,

But that I know there's One,  
Who will not let, by chance, a soul pass out of sight,  
However rich or poor, unlearned, or erudite,  
    Until his work is done.

And though the thread seems slight  
To human eyes, 'tis doubly strong, as iron bands,  
And nothing need we fear, if held within His hands,  
    And strengthened by His might.



## A Boy's Fun.

(A Waterscape.)

Oh there's barl's and barl's and barl's of fun,  
Down on the banks of Beaver Run!  
You can claw around in the squashy clay  
Like turtles do on a summer day  
And make haystacks and sweetheart's rings,  
'Dobe houses and piles of things.

And if you wear your oldest clothes  
And take some lunch, why goodness knows!  
You kin saunter home as late as five  
And not expect to be skinned alive!  
You kin throw a log right in the stream  
And set on it an' play or dream

Yer a missionary sailin' away  
Way off to the land where the heathens stay.  
Or play yer one of a pirate crew  
Goin' to help the Cubans through.  
Though of course you're not; you're just in fun;  
But with the water a spatterun

Up in yer face an' ears an' eyes,  
 An' overhead, the bluest skies,  
 Don't fret about such common truck  
 As woodboxes an' bad boy luck.  
 An' lickuns that you'll never git;  
 Hang on to fun; yer sure of it.  
 Such summer days ain't always found  
 To waller in, the hull year round.

You kin ketch the tadpoles in the sand  
 And watch them wriggle from your hand  
 To a flaxseed poltice of frog's eggs,  
 And hear them mumble, "I'll have legs  
 And be a frog some day; then ketch  
 Me if you can." Oh it's nice to watch

Yer face a grinnin' in the water.  
 I know now why Pharoah's daughter  
 Went down to the river bank so much  
 Purtendun, she's carin' for Mosy, and such;  
 For when the water's still and clear  
 You kin see yourself as well, purt' near,

As in the glass on our bureau;  
 And where's the kid, I'd like to know,  
 Who wouldn't give his fishin' hook  
 Once in a while to steal a look  
 In a lookin' glass, especially,  
 If it makes him look far slicker'n he

Ever is or was or expects to be.  
 And when the water ripples, you see  
 Yer shadder's gone, or back it comes  
 All crook'd. It's fun to fling out crumbs  
 To the greedy ducks, and watch 'm enjoy  
 Themselves a scrappin' like a boy  
 Who always wants the biggest slice  
 Of everything there is that's nice.

And sometimes too it's not bad fun,  
 When girls fling yer hats in Beaver Run,  
 To jest spring up and grab 'm quick  
 And purtend you'll douse 'm in the crick.  
 Then how they squeal and squirm, and then,  
 Promise they'll "Never do it agin!"

And act so scared we let 'm go,  
 Kind of wishin' within us, though,  
 They'd come back and bother us some.  
 And sure enough! soon back they come!  
 So saucy like, as much as to say  
 "We like to be scared by you that way.  
 Just scare us again, we dare you to!  
 You're cowards, the whole batch of you!"

And when the willow trees hang thick  
 Over the edge of Beaver Crick,  
 All matted in turrible shape  
 With poison ivy and wild grape,  
 All sorts of savage feelin's strike  
 You through and through; and you'd jest like

To be an Injun, skulkin' about  
 With bow and arrow, peekin' out  
 From between the leaves, to catch a glimpse  
 And take the scalps of pale faced imps  
 As they come rowin' down the stream,  
 But you wouldn't hurt one—it's a scheme,

And you're just playun—but just the same  
 You hide in there and wait your game,  
 With Christmas gun; and soon a pack  
 Of lordly ducks, with their quacky-ty-clack  
 Come sailin' proudly down the crick;  
 You up an' raise the trigger quick

And let er go with a "Whizz! and Bang!"  
 And before one could say Yang-Tse-Kiang,  
 You hear a squabble and wade in,  
 Into water up to yer chin,  
 And seize yer pale face, scalp and all,  
 And hurry home in capital

Delight; and prouder—Dear me suz!  
 Than little Hiawatha wuz,  
 When he had killed his first red deer  
 And hauled her in and says "See here!  
 How's this for venison?" And then  
 They praise him over and over again.

Will you git praised, or hear m say,  
 "The horrid thing! Take it away!  
 The smelly thing, don't bring it here!  
 Go wash yourself from ear to ear."  
 It's rather discouragin' I say  
 To be hammered at in that-air-way.

We boys kin act 'zif we didn't care  
 A straw fer people's praise—but there  
 Is times when our insides just ache  
 And burn for a word of praise, to make  
 Us feel some one takes interest in us.  
 But when they always go agin us

Then we backslide, as people say  
 In purtracted meetin'—turn away  
 And care for nuthin'—for nuthin's better  
 Than to always have a scold and fretter  
 A' jaggin' at you; now isn't it?  
 The birds they twitter fit to split

Though they have ornery spells and fret  
 The same as people do I'll bet;  
 And sometimes think that they'd enjoy  
 Bein' a horse, or p'raps a boy.  
 But let them try once, luggin' coal,  
 And choppin' wood, and doin' a whole

Lot of other things that nobody  
Ever thinks is much, and you'd soon see  
They'd wish that they wuz birds again  
A rustlin' for their worms. And when  
It's wash day, 'n all around the place  
Put on a sour milk funeral face

And snarl or turn a feller down  
A sayin' "I'd go off and drown  
Myself;" instead you hurry quick  
Down to the banks of Beaver Crick  
Where snakes and toads and lizards all  
Come up and crowd around and crawl

All over you; and you forget about  
It's bein' wash day, when the trout  
Jest fight for first place on yer hook  
And thousand legged worms they look  
That tickled to see you. Oh there's fun—  
Jest barl's of it, on Beaver Run.

## The Sigh of the Civilized Navajo.

Leave the Navajo content  
In his native element.

Free to wander in the canons  
In the canons, tall and grand,  
Chiseled out by nature's hand,  
With the pines for his companions.

Can the coyote change its color?  
Can the quail turn water gull? or

Can the white bear thrive in other  
Than his native haunts of snow?  
Neither can the Navajo  
Imitate his pale faced brother,

**NOTE**—At the time of writing this, all attempts at civilizing the Navajo had been in vain. When educated he invariably returned again to his camp fire and blanket.

Change its habitat and thrive  
To the haunts where white men live.

You would have our people be  
Learned in your arts and wise,  
Educate or civilize  
As you term term it meaningly.

Navajo accepts the call  
Learns your arts in college hall,

Yields to your religion too,  
But the music of the wildwood  
And the camp-fire of his childhood  
Thrills his fancy through and through.

Much this Indian sees and hears  
That sounds strangely in his ears;

How the spirit clothed anew  
May eternal life attain  
And he learns, somewhat with pain.  
That his dusky body too



Must be clothed in sombreness,  
Trim and plain the white man's dress

'Tis a penalty severe  
He accepts for sake of duty,  
It is not a thing of beauty,  
Not a spectacle to cheer.

Secretly he sighs within  
"Oh for ease of moccasin!

Then untrammelled would I glide  
O'er those places, which the deer  
Would refuse to go from fear,  
On the Rocky Mountain side.

Let me feel upon my form  
Our Indian blanket soft and warm.

'Tis a robe a king might wear  
Made by patient hand of woman  
Given to her chief her truelman;  
Woven in with colors rare,

Making harmony that few  
Other nations can outdo.

Not a brush at one's command  
Can produce a work of art  
Not unless a noble heart  
And a genius guides the hand.

Art as one harmonious whole  
Is the product of the soul.

And this maiden Navajo  
An uncommon genius shows  
In the labor she bestows,  
Patiently as to and fro

In and out with watchful eyes  
She her shuttle slowly plies.

Greatest art grants little speed;  
Simple is this tool and rude,  
But a tiny bit of wood  
Or a piece of broken reed.

And her loom is crude enough;  
Two raw branches in the rough:

These she twines her warp around  
—Like the spider, from the one  
To the other—when 'tis done,  
Seated low upon the ground,

With her loom hung in a tree,  
She weaves her patterns carefully.

Every nation small or great  
Has its emblem—we like you  
Chose the red, the white, and blue,  
Our ensign to decorate.

Oft we're forced to imitate  
Nature in this robe of state.

Purple tints the Columbine,  
Rose's blush shades off the red,  
Black is mourning for your dead.  
Need we for the warrior pine?

He is happy in his place,  
In the freedom of the chase,

Where the winding mountain trail  
Stands untrod by tribe or band,  
Undisturbed by any hand  
Or the white man's iron rail."

To the white man it was given,  
To arrange the stars of heaven

Into groups and name them for us;  
Each revolving in its sphere.  
Andromeda sits chained here;  
There an Orion then a Taurus;

Each one whirling on in space.  
What if one should fall from grace?

Surely 'twould bring dire disaster.  
Nothing happens, 'Tis design,  
Each one whirls in perfect line,  
Guided by some unseen master.

'Tis our nature to adore  
The mysterious o'er and o'er

Yet the scholar seeks to know  
More and more and worships less.  
But at times 'tis weariness  
To this Indian Navajo,

Who delights in adoration,  
Longs for more imagination,  
For those days of long ago.

Seems it not like sacrilege  
Thus to ruthlessly besiege

Thus invade the starry treasures  
And their mysteries expose?  
None so learned but he knows  
That mysticism yieldeth pleasures.

Let me calmly shut my eyes  
To this science of the skies.

In the dreamy twilight hour,  
As of old then would I lie  
Gazing upward on the sky;  
Overwhelmed by a power,

Some strange secret happiness,  
Which no language can express;

Then the great blue dome at even  
Was not aerial apparition  
But a filmly blue parition  
Separating earth and heaven.

When the rain came spurting down  
On the earth scorched bare and brown,  
Whether softly from the sky  
Or in blinding floods it fell,  
We exclaimed "'Tis well! 'Tis well!"  
Asked no questions, whence or why?

'Twas enough for us to know  
That it made the grasses grow,

And the flowers in loveliness;  
That in kindness it was meant;  
For this purpose it was sent  
Navajo to please and bless.

But that simple faith I cherished  
And my childlike trust have perished;

Since, amazingly, I learn  
That this pearly heaven sent lotion  
Is simply mist from off the ocean,  
And to such it must return.

That the lightning which was riven  
Through the blackness of the heaven

And the thunder's deafening peal  
Are not warnings from above  
—Man can fear as well as love—  
Are no longer an appeal

To the conscience or the soul,  
But a force which men control

Known as electricity.

I would reverence regain  
But I call to it in vain  
It responds not to my plea.

Faith is proof of things unseen  
But this science stands between.

I have seen the white man pose  
As a lover, yes propose,

With a passion overflowing,  
To a maiden fair and pale  
As the daisy in the vale  
Or the mountain lily growing

In the shadow of the bushes  
Where the San Juan madly rushes



Onward bearing rock and tree,  
    Bursting from the mountain side  
    Into chasms deep and wide  
Starting westward toward the sea.

They whose vows of love were plighted  
At the altar were united,

Vowing to be true forever;  
    Let come whatsoever may  
    They would cherish ev'n obey,  
Until death the tie should sever.

But how weak is man's intent;  
Burning passion soon is spent.

Wise indeed is he who can  
    Draw the line which separates  
    The desires which love creates  
From mere fancy in a man.

One is passion that allures;  
One the love that long endures.

Two short seasons passed and then  
Wearied with his palefaced bride,  
Longingly the white man sighed  
For his freedom once again;

And ere long he's separated  
From the one with whom he mated.

And your law of marriage under  
Which two souls were made as one  
By another is undone,  
Which as quickly parts asunder.

Strange, the prisoner set free  
Seeks again captivity!

You may cry "Unclean! Unclean!"  
Raise our voice in loud decree  
'Gainst our base polygamy;  
Counsel oft with sorry mien.

Pray you take a peep within  
At your own heart's secret sin.

You're strange horsemen I attest,  
Tandem fashion suits your pride;  
Solemnly bride follows bride:  
Horrors! we drive ours abreast.

Which is worse polygamy,  
Or your bride tandigamy?

Strange this action of the heart!  
Woman with her cunning can  
Too, be false as any man.  
I have seen her act her part

Man's affections to decoy.  
These she handles as a toy,

Wounds him next with deep incision,  
Makes a quick atonement then  
But to torture him again  
With a cast off cold derision,

Leaving him in sorry plight,  
When another hoves in sight.

Is your civilization worth  
All the freedom you have lost,  
All the sacrifice it cost?  
Yes, you say and send me forth

To the heathen Navajo.  
What means heathen I would know?

Should our God be revered less  
Who reveals to us our sin,  
Gives us life and stirs within,  
Prayer and praise and consciousness

Of our duty to our brother?  
Is this Mighty Spirit other

Than the Being Who has planned  
Every other thing of earth?  
Or were Indians given birth  
Under other system, and,

Though we pray direct above  
To our God in trust and love

Must our prayers unheard remain?  
Some day in the Spirit land  
You will surely understand.  
If perchance we meet again

In those happy hunting grounds,  
Where the buffalo abounds,

And in plenty roam the deer,  
You and I shall hunt together  
In the haze of autumn weather  
Where no game laws interfere.

Then I doubt not you will know  
Why the simple Navajo

Dearly loves his freedom; and  
Doubtless in those future days  
I shall then appreciate  
Your many mansions, dazzling, grand,

Angels with the gilded wing,  
The heavenly songs those angels sing,

Glittering streets and golden stairs.  
But at present spare me these  
Glorifying luxuries,  
Leave to me our Indian prayers;

Let me be an Indian still,  
Surely it was heaven's will.

You would have him learn to scorn  
His esteemed environment;  
Leave the camp fire and the tent  
Where the Navajo was born;

With its carpet soft and clean,  
Made of flowers and grasses green,

Freshened by the air and light  
Creeping in the door each day,  
Driving gloom and death away.  
Nature's maid with all her might,

Shines and labors dextrously  
Till the stench and odors flee.

Then when summer days have gone  
And the frost, which chills the morn  
Nips the tassels of the corn,  
And the winter time draws on

Then he leaves the mountain side  
With his family to reside

In the valley's warmer lands  
Where the bright and sunny rays  
Shining through the winter days  
Melts the snowflakes on the sands.

There in comfort they remain  
Till the spring returns again.

Care sits lightly, he has pleasure—  
Small the earthly care of those  
On whom circumstance bestows  
This world's goods in scanty measure.

He who is with plenty blest,  
Often lacks in peace and rest,

Knows but sleepless nights of pain.  
With the worry and the fret  
That abundance brings him, yet  
Man will leave all else to gain

Wealth's alluring glittering goal,  
Even barter off his soul.

And the freedom of the range  
And the snowcapped peaks which stand,  
Overlooking all the land,  
You would have him this exchange

For a narrow plot of ground—  
A few acres circled round

By close neighbors—and four walls  
Carpeted and screened within  
Till no sunlight ventures in.  
This the white man probably calls



Home—a hard earned luxury.  
Surely irksome it would be

To his dusky Indian brother.  
Can the coyote change his color?  
Can the quail turn water gull? or  
Can the white bear thrive in other

Than his native haunts of snow?  
Blame not then the Navajo;

He is a distinct creation  
Would your conscientious skill  
Seek to change old nature's will?  
Spare him this your civilization

Which is yours, O spare him this;  
When his freedom in his bliss.

Little good can emanate  
From a life bound fast by chain  
Longing to be free again,  
Though in knowledge it is great.

Leave him then unlearned if this  
Prove his highest happiness.

Let him wander in the mountains  
And pursue the nimble deer  
Growing scarcer every year;  
Free to watch the play of fountains;

Gather ripened August berries;  
Gorge his appetite with cherries,

Which provide his autumn feast.  
These grow on the sheltered side  
Of the mountainous Divide,  
Where the rivers flowing east

And flowing west into the sea,  
Rise in close proximity.

Here the roses bloom in bowers;  
Shaded well their color grows  
Brighter than the pink of those  
On the prairie. Other flowers

With their fragrance charm the spot.  
Here the blue forget-me-not,

Which the maiden most admires,  
In the presence of the red  
Flaming star flower bows its head  
And with modesty retires.

And the glorious Columbine  
Its lavender and white combine.

He enjoys the gullied canon  
With its echoes wierd and free;  
Hidden in its depths, there he  
Needs no gibbering companion;

In the quiet solitude  
Nature best is understood.

High those walls of stone and granite  
Where the Mancos roars between;  
And so narrow the ravine  
That a common bridge would span it:

And a skylight, tinged with blue,  
Dimly lights the passage through

Where the river cuts its way  
Over beds of yellow sand.  
In this portion of the land,  
Given the Ute, he loves to stray.

Neighboring Ute and Navajo  
No more draw the deadly bow.

Though he loves the Mancos canon  
With its cliff and tower and dome,  
Where the eagle builds her home  
And the deer with his companion

In the cool of evening shade  
On the mesa promenade,

Yet he tastes not of the water,  
For he's oftentimes been told  
Of a certain legend old,  
How, with ignominious slaughter,

Long ago a certain race,  
Hard were driven from their place.

High up o'er the water's edge  
They had builded for themselves  
Homes upon those cliffs or shelves  
Underneath a sandstone ledge,

Striped with ochre, white and gray—  
Clear and bright are these today.

This afforded them a cover  
For the walls of their domain,  
Some of which there yet remain  
And are richly frescoed over

With gay colorings inside.  
Many families could reside

There together, safe from foes  
So the thought—for they whose might  
Conquered, always claimed first right—  
So it is the story goes.

In this city of the past,  
Whose remains are crumbling fast

There were towers square and rounded  
There were portholes to behold  
Approaching fces, resembling old,  
Feudal castles that were founded

Many centuries ago.  
While they slept, some wily foe

Scaled these natural heights of stone  
Their position to obtain—  
The inhabitants were slain  
And their mangled bodies thrown

In the river; and the stains  
Of their life blood still remains.

And the odors still arise  
And today the Indian hears  
Echoing through the distant years  
Harrowing groans and piercing cries.

True sometimes the Navajo's  
Hungry, for the winter's snows

On the range and reservation  
Often long and heavy lie;  
Then his sheep and cattle die  
From exposure and starvation.

Or the summer drought continues  
Then it is the very sinews

Dry away. And since the bison  
Is no longer to be found  
In the Rockies roaming round,  
Low beneath the dim horizon

Of the distant mountain crest  
Oft the sun has sunk to rest

When the Indian is seen  
Tramping homeward from the chase  
With a sorry downcast face;  
For his appetite, though keen,

Must unsatisfied remain.  
 This day's hunt has been in vain

But tomorrow's may bring more  
 Than his present needs demand;  
 Then he spends with lavish hand  
 Laying little by in store

Future comforts to secure.  
 Which is harder to endure,

Appetite unsatisfied,  
 Craving gnawing hunger, or  
 Absence of a relish for  
 Things abundantly supplied?

Richest viands, tempting things  
 Fit for appetites of kings?

What is food and what is station?  
 What is raiment? What is wealth?  
 Without appetite or health?  
 Though our tribal reservation



Part consists of level plains,  
Sandy, where it seldom rains—

Little rain is takes to nourish  
Western plants upon the sand  
Where the sage brush dots the land,  
Where the spiny cactii flourish,

And the waxy soap plants bloom—  
Yet he there has elbow room,

Room to live and breathe, thank heaven!  
This small corner of the earth,  
Which to you was little worth,  
By your government was given

With a condescending grace  
Out of pity for our race.

Like a present which some donor  
Gives with kind munificence,  
Purchased with the stolen pence  
From the pocket of the owner.

Now the rightful owner goes  
A mendicant in beggar's clothes,

A veritable refugee.

'Twas a charity affair;  
Such bestowals are not rare.  
Is this then the charity

You would have us keep in mind,  
Suffering long and ever kind?

It is true the Indian knows  
How to use and where to find  
Healing herbs of every kind,  
Every shrub that near him grows;

Yet with all his natural skill,  
Death the inevitable will

Often at his knowledge mock;  
Often he with cool demand  
Will his wigwam enter and  
Claim the bravest of the flock.

Where are all those Indian bands,  
First possessors of these lands?

Gone before your civilization.  
Chickasaws and Creeks have vanished;  
Seminoles and Sacs are banished.  
We are passing as a nation,

Leave to us our Indian ways—  
Free, these few remaining days.

## Let the Children Play.

Let the children play.

The little children laugh and shout and romp the  
livelong day:

For some, too soon, the graver cares of other years  
will come

And strike the careless freedom down the childish  
laughter dumb;

When buoyancy of youth to stern reality gives way  
Then let the children play.

Let the children play.

Let them wander in the woodlands green and listen  
to the lay

Of warbling, twittering, songsters flitting through the  
leafy trees,

Making glad the very air with soul-inspiring  
melodies;

That must sweetly ring within the ears until the  
judgment day,

Then let the children play.

Let the children play.  
 Lay not too many grievances and sorrows in their  
     way;  
 For burdens of the spirit weighing, grinding, like a  
     stone,  
 May crush the spark of hopefulness; 'tis not the  
     flesh alone  
 Succumbs to rank oppressiveness—the heart may  
     wear away—  
 Then let the children play.

Let the children play,  
 And cultivate a cheeriness for what is sadder pray  
 Than a hopeless soul dispirited, hard struggling  
     to the last  
 Against some bygone gloominess that binds the spirit  
     fast—  
 Despairingly existing, nagging through life's weary  
     way?  
 Then let the children play.

Let the children play.  
 Let them ramble in the meadows and imbibe the  
     radiant ray  
 Of summer sunbeams straight from heaven, a beam  
     from God's own lamp,  
 Which lightens soul and body dispersing chills and  
     damp;  
 A timely sure preventative that wards disease away.  
 Then let the children play.

Let the children play.

Time passes rapidly along and the years are few  
till they

Must step into the harness in the place of you and I;  
If youth be gladdened properly they'll bravely occupy  
The place thus assigned them, their call in life obey.

Then let the children play.

Let the children play.

Though our years have been most peaceful yet our  
hair is turning gray:

And a wave from youth affects us as nothing ever  
can,

As some fairies wand had touched us and made us  
young again,

And our gloominess is banished by the children's  
laugh so gay.

Then let the children play.

## Deacon Harvey and His Dream.

Old Deacon Harvey was a man well known the  
country round  
As being righteous, in his way, as any to be found.  
A sanctimonious duty he was never known to shirk,  
He could rule a stiffnecked session or perform the  
dirty work,

Such as makin' fires or lighting if the chore boy  
were away,  
Or routing shaky members, who refused to walk his  
way.  
And though his outward piety with burnished splend-  
or shone,  
He too, like most of us, had faults, it wasn't best to  
own.

His being a blue-stockinger made him well satisfied;  
That such his ancestors had been, to mention was his  
pride.  
And they had done his thinking, which, perhaps upon  
the whole,  
Accounted for his meagreness and narrowness of  
soul.

But he never once suspected, that this very self-same  
 thing,  
 Might tally one against him in the day of reckoning.  
 He always held the rudder of the gospel ship of state,  
 And steered as no one else could do (he thought) to  
 heaven straight.

And woe betide the minister, who didn't let him do it,  
 'Twas more than barely possible he'd have a chance  
 to rue it;  
 He might as well cast anchor, drop his mantle then  
 and there,  
 Feign consumption or prostration and seek a balmier  
 air.

But the waywardness of neighbors, the Deacon did  
 declare  
 Had plowed some furrows in his face and silvered  
 o'er his hair.  
 Sandy Green had stole his apples, he was deadly cer-  
 tain of it  
 And he'd give him legal punishment but he somehow  
 couldn't prove it.

Elam Crow was soaked in whiskey—fairly pickled—  
 and he said  
 "Surely this world were better off if Elam Crow were  
 dead."



And so the deacon prayed and prayed in this wise  
 morn and night,  
 "Lord urge them to repent by thy spirit's sword of  
 of might;  
 If they refuse then speed them to their fiery desti-  
 nation  
 Before their evil ways corrupt the rising generation."

One night he slept and dreamed a guardian angel he  
 was sent,  
 To hover o'er the thought of men and judge of their  
 intent.  
 His spirit soon was watching o'er the thoughts of  
 Sandy Green  
 Which wandered thus, "That theft of mine was  
 despicably mean;

Though the deacon has abundance beyond what he  
 may need,  
 Yet I would not for myself alone have done that  
 sneaking deed,  
 But I could not see my wife and children starving  
 day by day  
 And wholesome food in plenty going to waste across  
 the way.  
 Oh if ever I am prospered with something by in store,  
 I swear that not a hungry soul shall ever pass my  
 door."

Then the Deacon's spirit shifted to the thoughts of  
Elam Crow,

Who sober, by the embers of his dying fire crouched  
low.

In agony of spirit he groaned, "Too late! Too late!  
Can a drunkard's doom in another world compare  
with his earthly fate?

If so I pray one favor may be granted unto me.  
Give me annihilation there not immortality.

Could I have seen the future, the path that I should  
go,

Not all the powers of darkness could have tempted  
me I know.

When the habit seemed a growing and I saw that it  
was wrong

I might have then reformed but I couldn't pass along.

But a jovial gay companion of some low infernal  
slum

Stood with open heart and outstretched arms a beck-  
oning me to come.

I've a wasted life to offer and if any mercy's shown  
'Twill not be through my merits but the good of  
heaven alone."

Then the deacon roused from slumber with troubled  
conscience lay;

Some new found questions like to these perplexed  
him day by day.

Of the actual pangs of hunger little do I realize,  
 One must feel its cruel gnawings to fully sympathize;  
 But to see starvation daily waisting one's own kith  
     and kin  
 And relive them, yes by stealing, would scarcely seem  
     a sin.

Yet I, while blessed with plenty, have allowed the  
     worthy poor  
 To be driven on to theft perhaps, or hungry pass my  
     door.  
 What if I had been surrounded as Elam Crow with  
     vice.  
 Temptations more than I could bear and evils that  
     entice?

And with half the anxious training and example I  
     have seen,  
 He might have been a nobler man by far than I have  
     been.  
 And his plea of mere unworthiness may gain him  
     entrance in,  
 As passport, to that country, rid of whisky, rum and  
     sin:

While they who by selfrighteousness and deeds will  
     hope to gain  
 A sure and swift admittance, may howl Lord! Lord!  
     in vain.

If I have walked more steady who deserves the credit  
pray?

I have followed in the footsteps of my father's much  
as they.

And as to saint and sinner, Oh, it's hard to judge  
between;

I'll not attempt the arduous task, but sweep my own  
hearth clean.

Yes it's difficult to break the bonds of our environ-  
ment,

And go a different pilgrimage from what our father's  
went.

It is ours to lift the fallen, help the tempted and the  
tried,

And leave their final judgment to One better qualified.

## Struggles.

I loitered in a meadow near  
A cool and quiet stream,  
Whose waters were as pure and clear  
As a mirror's crystal gleam.

I flung in pebbles as I passed  
—On idleness intent—  
The mirror's gleam was overcast  
Thereby with sediment.

And as the stream and filth contend  
First honors to obtain  
Behold the particles descend  
And all is clear again!

And so I thought, how like is this  
To a pure and noble life,  
That banishes the avarice  
The envyings and the strife.

When life seems one unbroken joy  
Then bold dissemblers come,  
To raise aversions and destroy  
Our equilibrium.

And then the struggle sore begins;  
The contest is severe;  
But the nobler side of nature wins;  
And envyings disappear.

## Keep up Courage Jim.

There's one bit of admonishment, as you life's  
journey make,  
That I would give, and it is this: Whate'er  
you undertake,  
Let soul and bone and fibre pursue it with  
a vim,  
Don't halt at every corner, but  
Keep up courage Jim.

If all the race were headlong cast into life's  
foaming sea,  
While some will sink, yet all possessed with  
proper energy  
Will to the surface rise: and you will surely  
rise and swim  
And gain firm footing on the shore if you  
Keep up courage Jim.

If not unlike the average man you'll one day  
    want a wife,  
To share the joys and miseries that fall to you  
    in life.  
When you have made selection, don't simper  
    round so grim,  
And threaten if your case goes wrong, just  
    Keep up courage Jim.

Such threatenings show a vacuum where brain  
    stuff ought to be;  
That you are some how lacking she soon must  
    plainly see:  
Cheer up, present your cause in words, fit,  
    business-like, and trim;  
Don't be ashamed of honest love and  
    Keep up courage Jim.

Should you the public pastures be allowed to  
    revel in,  
Then some will fawn and flatter your con-  
    fidence to win;  
Be true to your convictions, don't cater to  
    each whim,  
Honor your country and your flag and  
    Keep up courage Jim.



When your step grows less elastic, Ah then!  
    you're growing old;  
Don't huddle in some corner and fume, and  
    fret and scold;  
Put on a smart appearance, and though your  
    eyes be dim  
You'll brave off death the longer, if you  
    Keep up courage Jim.

## Fossil.

Oh foolish man to seek to know at once  
Our secret hidden life long closed in death,  
When nature travailed many thousand years  
With unabated energy to give us breath.

Sometimes you'll find us in the glacial drift,  
Again calcareous rocks will harbor me;  
In shales a truer impress you will find;  
While briny depths protect us in the sea.

By company he keeps so man is known,  
So ask no more for we are judged likewise;  
Delights you'll find by searching for yourself,  
My telling you would only steal your prize.

## Submission.

It takes a rare beneficence  
To labor on from year to year,  
In hope of final recompense,  
Upon some scheme or project dear,  
And then in patience to submit  
(Some would protest and rage outright)  
While others reap the benefit  
Or confiscate your copyright.

A bravery it requires to stand  
Calmly upon some Nebo's height,  
While others occupy the land  
Spread out before your longing sight,  
While you, who journeyed all the way,  
May not approach the cherished spot—  
Ah then! 'tis meekness to obey  
Implicitly and murmur not.

## Waiting.

We plant the tiny apple shoot  
—A sprig of value rare—  
Then prune and dig about the root  
And tend with proper care.  
'Tis not the labor we bestow  
Annoys us—toil is treasure—  
But waiting for the fruit to grow,  
Ah! that is doubtful pleasure.

Love promises eternal bliss  
—No joy but has some sorrow—  
Much present happiness we miss  
By sighing for tomorrow.  
Blessings we scarce can see or rate,  
Waiting the promised day;  
The hardest thing to tolerate  
Of all, is the delay.

March sunshine heralds in the spring,  
The heart a welcome speaks;  
A storm comes on o'erpowering,  
The blizzard howls and shrieks.  
Spring early pays the forfeiture;  
Impatiently we sigh;  
These days are harder to endure  
Than all the months gone by.

## A Better Day Ahead.

One day seems illy doomed above the rest;  
The fates appear to frown;  
As though by some strange demon half  
possessed  
Things tumble upside down.  
With plans contraried thus we would despair  
With hopeful yearnings dead,  
But that the eve's prophetic signs bid fair  
For better days ahead.

The August corn, whose ears hung heavily,  
Lo! in a single night  
Is made an object pitiful to see  
By early frost and blight.  
Our dreams of luxury have swiftly flown;  
And we indeed would dread  
The want in store, but that the past has shown  
Us better days ahead.

The cold December blizzards whizz and blow  
With fury in our face;  
This sky is but a murky mass of snow;  
And, in its chill embrace,  
We well might cringe in horror of the cold  
But that we know, instead,  
The sun will shine again and we'll behold  
A better day ahead.

The country is upset with strife and men  
Are hurrying to and fro;  
That old foment which reappears again  
Bespeaks a scene of woe.  
Such mixed affairs doth turbulence portend;  
Yet we through hope are led  
A better state of things to apprehend,  
Yes better days ahead.

## Sympathy.

How dependent all things be,  
Flowers and grass upon the rain;  
Then in turn the showers again  
Bring their pearldrops from the sea.

Vegetation meagerly  
Flourishes in barren ground,  
Till she flings her leaves around  
Then abundance we can see.

May our life-work also be  
Laboring for the common good  
Of a suffering brotherhood  
With a magnanimity.

With our souls in unison;  
And our life-pulse keeping pace,  
Throbbing, pitying for our race  
Ceasing not till life is done.



Do we hear yet unapeased  
Hunger's piteous wailing plea?  
We must starve from sympathy  
Till that hunger's power be eased.

## Misunderstood.

A heart in solitude  
With loneliness consumes itself:  
No sharer or recipient  
To take or give: by constant drips  
The stoutest heart must soon be spent  
—Alone misunderstood.

'Often we fondly brood  
O'er unforgiven wrongs: a word  
Might have removed them long ago.  
Sometimes 'tis nobleness to bear  
In silence all alone—not so  
When we're misunderstood.

## Our Country.

When others wave the beckoning hand,  
And "Forward March!" the orders cry,  
As theirs it were to give command,  
Ours to obediently comply,  
Defiantly our hearts rebel,  
Because we love our country well.

When cannons boom and banners fly,  
When singers sing and bands peal forth,  
When all for excellency vie  
In honor of our nation's birth,  
We feel our patriotism swell;  
Yes then we love our country well.

When others trample in the dust  
The flag our fathers' died to raise,  
And then ignore with cold distrust  
Our country's principles and ways,  
In vain we strive our wrath to quell;  
Yes then we love our country well.

When be behold in summer time  
The corn fields shimmering in the sun,  
And golden grain in healthy prime  
Waiting the harvest drawing on,  
Knowing that we in these excel  
Thankful we love our country well.

While others bow to potentate  
(Born servile such they must remain)  
We humble or illiterate  
May to a higher sphere attain.  
Upon these merits we may dwell  
Because we love our country well.

Land of prosperity, divine  
Long may thy ensign ride the gale;  
May thy effulgence ne'er decline  
Thy freedom's spirit long prevail.  
Though love be still invincible  
We love our country none too well.

## Mercies.

When nuthin' looks right to your eyes,  
Jest think of Solomon the Wise,  
Of seven hundred mother-in-laws  
(As Browning calls 'em "Old Cat Claws")  
A swoopin' down in cold array  
With band boxes, plannin' to stay  
Six months: your troubles don't amount  
To anything: Pshaw! they don't count.

## Art.

Suite often finest statuaries fill  
The smallest most obscure cathedral niches;  
In finest tapestries the greatest skill  
Is manifested in the smallest stitches.

## Stimulation.

Madly pursuing with destruction's speed,  
A vain yet idolized ambition, I  
Beheld an arrow shooting through the air  
Tipped with the anaesthetic of despair.  
In vain I made endeavor to evade  
Its ruthless aim, it pierced me then and there.  
I fell asphyxiated by the sting  
And had no care to rise for all was dark.  
Pride came and bathed my wound and bade me  
    rise,  
But failed to arouse me from my lethargy;  
Fame poured her ointment in of flattery.  
And whispered "Up press on and I am yours;"  
Then duty came and said in chilling tones  
"Inert is he who heeds not my commands  
Arouse to action and your wound is healed."  
But none of these availed I slumbered on.  
Then came a figure almost crushed with care,  
And on her breast was scarred in letters bright,  
—Seared by the iron of affliction—this  
"The Woes of Suffering Humanity."  
She knelt and fervently did clasp my hand

And dropped one silent tear upon the wound.  
At once it thrilled my being through and  
through.

Awakening, I arose and quickly grasped  
The figure in one long and fond embrace,  
Saying, the power was yours to snatch me from  
That somnolence which ends in certain death;  
Henceforth the cause you represent is mine,  
Then I pursued ambition once again  
No longer overwhelmed by despair.



## A Problem.

Lor' bless your soul no I haint never tried  
This gettin' married but I'm satisfied  
That it's the only way'n, one ort to when  
She can: but Lor' the scarcity of men!  
Out West they're thick; the census men declare  
They's two and a half to every woman there.  
I'll go and see if I can't git that half  
A man—it's better'n none at all—don't laugh  
It's serious; and though I haint yet tried  
This marryin', it's best I'm satisfied.

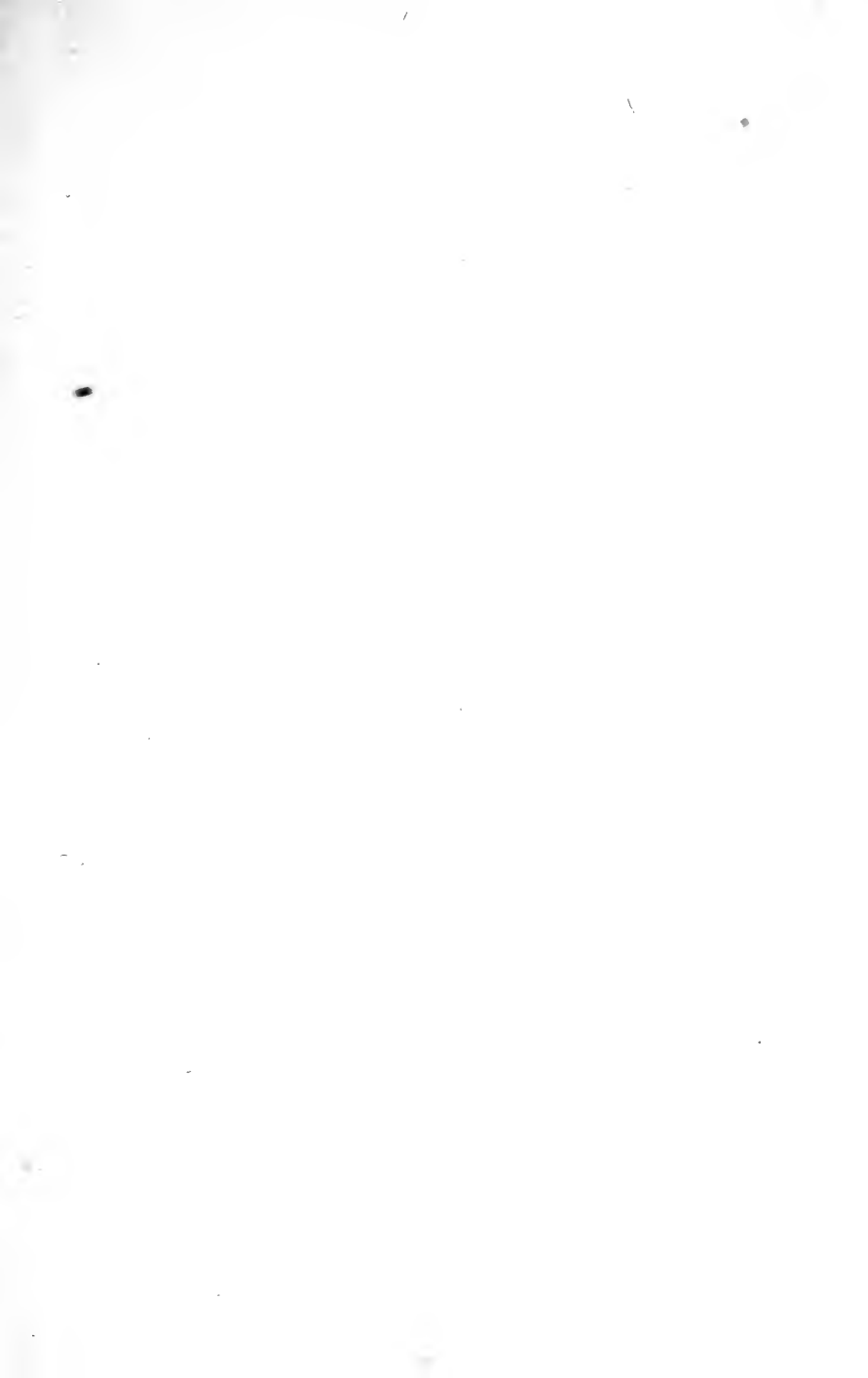
You can't give much in money? then  
Just laugh and laugh and laugh again,  
And split your sides—a hearty laugh  
Will do a heap more good, by half,  
In this old world, than giving cash  
Gold in comparison is trash.





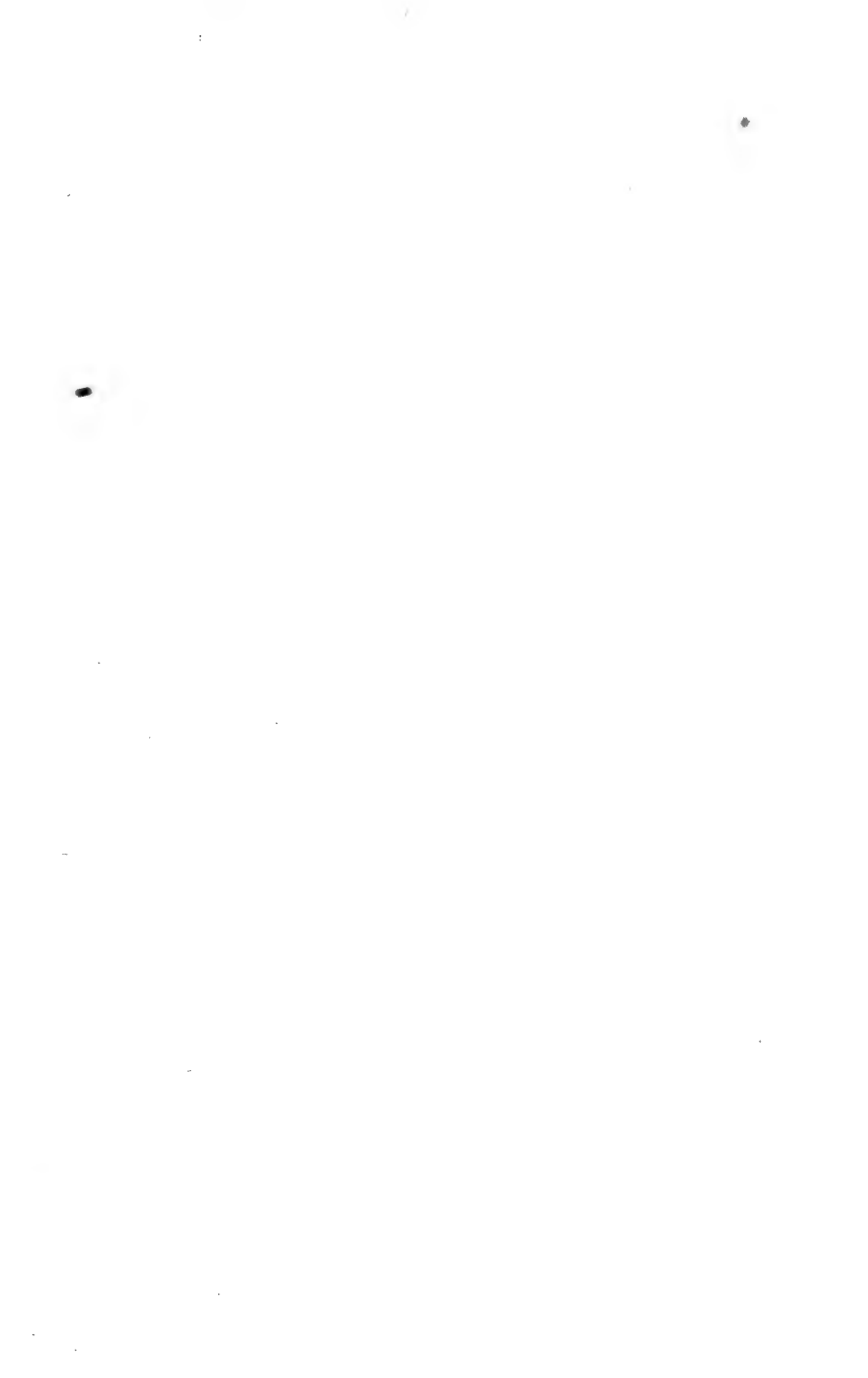


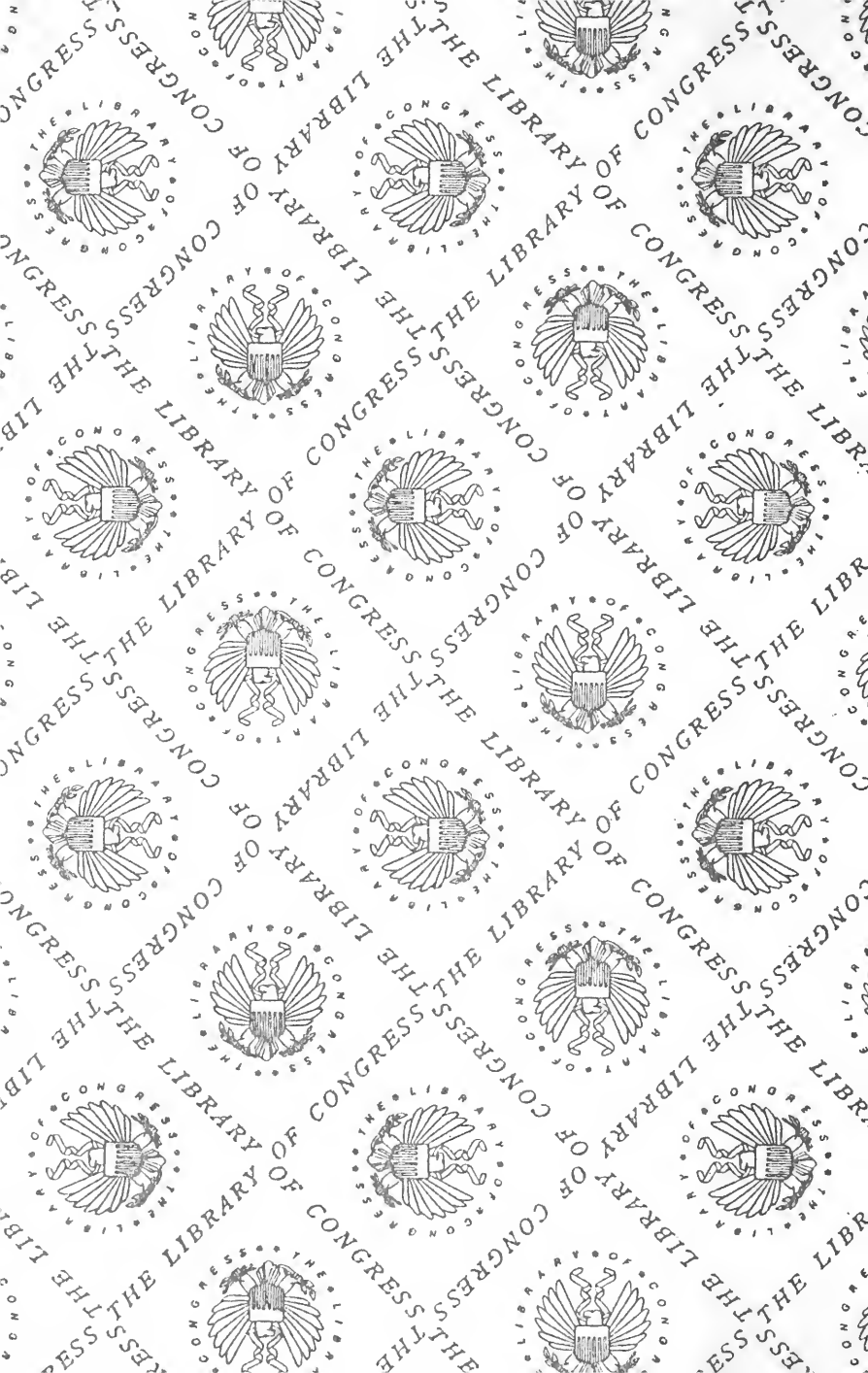
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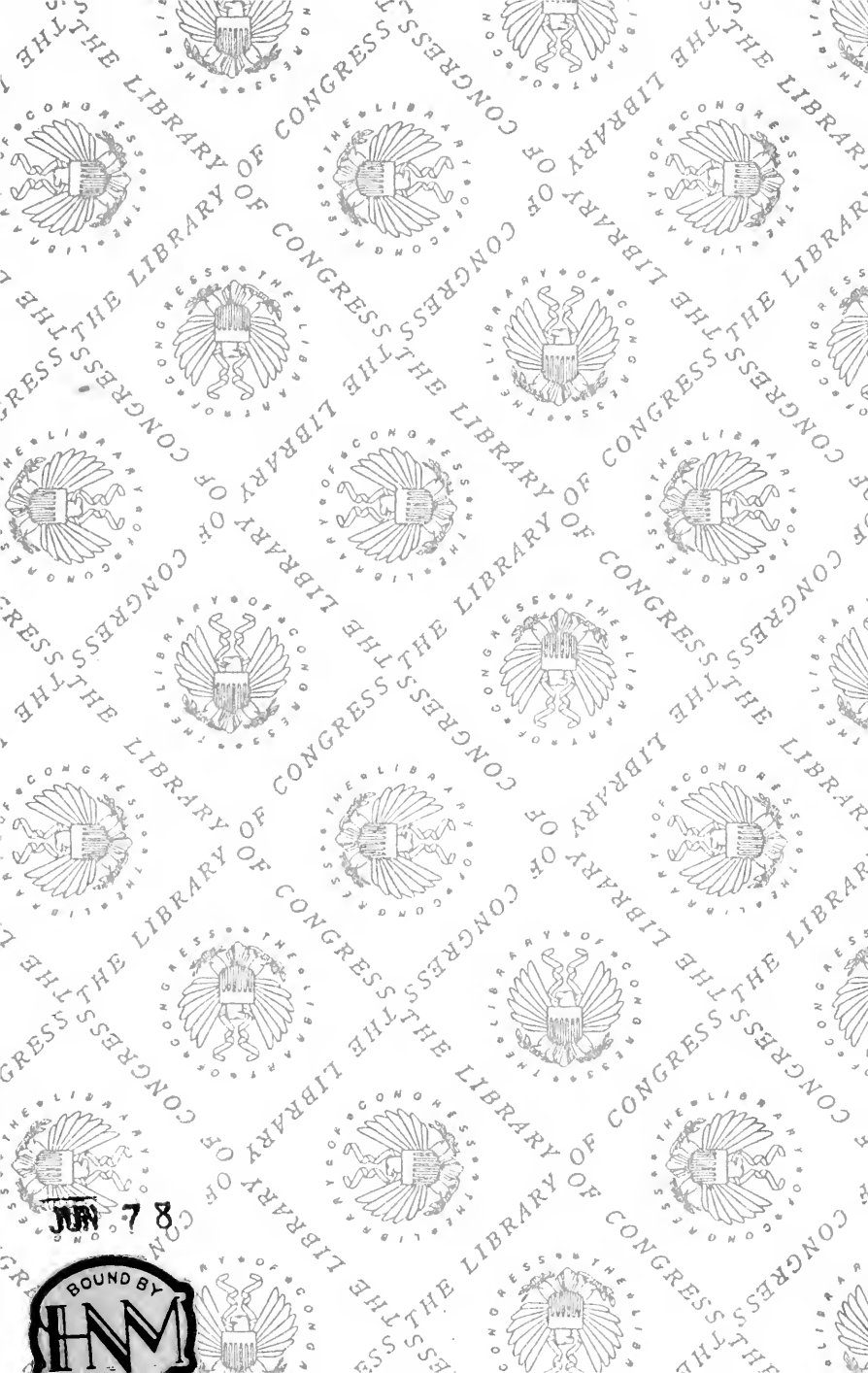












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